PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TAX TO STOP BARTER OF TITLES.

By Paul Morton.

PAUL MORTON.

The attitude of certain foreign noblemen toward Americans is that we ought to produce heiresses here for the export market. I have heard representatives of this class frankly say that they were not brought up to work; that they do not know how to make money. They expect somebody to look after the material things of this world, so that they may get a share of good living, and, as the Americans seem to be the most successful money makers nowadays, why shouldn't they trade their titles for the dollars of American heiresses? I have seen recently some of the most astounding and barefaced negotiations in this line of bargaining. I was amazed at the fathers who consented to it, even participated in it—men of strength and character at home. I have felt sorry for husbands led by their wives in the mad chase after titled society.

I would like to see an export tax of generous dimensions levied on American heiresses. This would be in the interest of the home. It might keep the American heiresses on this side of the Atlantic. It might keep the American fortunes here, and it might keep some of the foreign nobility at home.

CHINA AT LAST COMING INTO ITS OWN.

By Lord William Cecil.

The Chinese gentleman has been trained in the philosophy, history and culture of his race, and both in his speech and in his thought he bears the marks of the excellency of that training. He has now thoroughly realized his national weakness and his consequent humiliation, and the whole mass of intelligent thought in China, which was a few years ago conservative and obscurantism, has now become progressive, even revolutionary.

China has postoffices, modern currency, telegraph offices, a school system, in fact all the legacies of western civilization. And now she is inaugurating a constitution. At one moment she even ran to a feminist movement, where, having apparently muddled the whole thing and confused it with the rational dress movement, the girls turned out dressed as boys, for they understood that was what was done in the west.

No nation can now say it does not matter what is happening to another. Movements are becoming more and more international. We may speak a different language to other nations, we may pride ourselves on our national individuality, but nevertheless we all try to imitate one another. You may go from Vladivostok through Europe to Vancouver and you will find practically the same customs prevailing, the same thoughts in fashion.

Up to a recent date China was absolutely indifferent. Trousers, the garb sacred to masculinity, which even the most reckless suffragette does not don, was the common garb of women folk, and likewise men's thoughts ran in different lines. Now all this is changing and China is fast becoming a member of our civilization. When she does who will be bold enough to say that fashions originating in China will not spread to the west?

There must be no casting on the rubbish heap of all things Chinese because they are Chinese. The priceless jewels of Chinese wisdom must be preserved. Secondly, there must be built into the Chinese culture the higher and finer part of our social system.

EGOTISM MOST INSIDIOUS DISEASE.

By John A. Howland.

An old friend of mine, a pastmaster in the art of business on a scale involving millions of dollars and thousands of men, insists that one of the greatest handicaps of the young man in business life is an excess of egotism. He admits that a certain stimulus of egotism may be necessary and natural to youth, but long ago he made up his mind that he preferred the young man lacking in egotism to the young man afflicted with an excess of it.

It is one of the subtle characteristics of egotism that it operates in ways making it impossible that the egotist himself shall have the least practical line upon its results. In taking the egotistical point of view to himself the young man constitutes himself the judge of all his accomplishments. Some one else is paying him for services which he is required to render to the satisfaction of that employer, but under the influence of his own egotism that young man may find that suddenly he has assumed the attitude merely of pleasing himself. And it is one of the marked tendencies of the position that the further the egotist goes in this direction the easier he finds it to satisfy his own vanity.

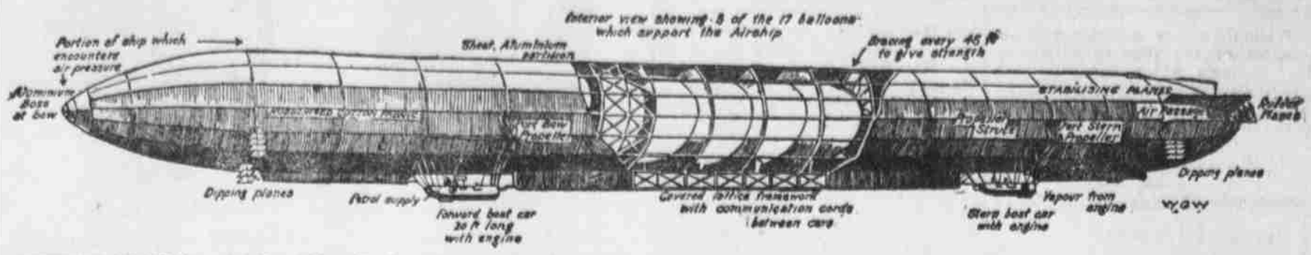
Get a line on yourself if you can find reason for suspecting yourself of tendencies to egotism. Get the opinion, too, from some person or persons who will hand you the truth as they see it. You can't afford to take the risk of the disease.

TRIALS OF THE WESTERN SETTLER.

By J. B. Decan.

After the prospective settler reaches his new home, whether it be in Alberta, Canada, or in the panhandle of Texas, he must acquaint himself with his neighbors and the territory in which he is to live and remember that every one looks upon a stranger with a suspicious eye. Therefore, before he can become acquainted with his new neighbors, he must receive many a snub and still be as one blind and not seeing what is going on around him. Before he can attain a strong footing in the community he must be as meek as a lamb and, although he knows that he is not being treated just exactly right, he is obliged to remain in good spirits and show enmity toward none. If a prospective settler or a settler that has already bought his farm has any new or up-to-date tools the neighbors will want to borrow them. In order not to make an enemy of any one he must not refuse, although he does not like to part with his implements. He must look pleasant whether he wishes or not.

HOW ZEPPELIN PLANS TO TRY TO REACH THE NORTH POLE BY AIRSHIP



THE Kaiser and Count Zeppelin have joined forces for the discovery of the north pole by airship. The expedition is to be made with the aid of the most powerful Zeppelin vessel yet constructed. A series of preliminary flights through the polar latitudes will be carried out from Cross Bay on the island of Spitzbergen during the arctic summer of 1910. Announcements to this effect have thrilled and electrified Germany with patriotic excitement, writes a Berlin correspondent in the Philadelphia Ledger. The Fatherland cherishes the confident hope that the laurels of the arctic, for which gallant men of all nations have struggled and died, will finally fall to the conqueror of the air. The Kaiser takes an intense personal interest in aerological research, a branch of science in which great things are expected from the Zeppelin-Hergesell expedition.

The expedition is to be conducted under the personal supervision of Count Zeppelin and his meteorological expert, Prof. von Hergesell, the celebrated Strasburg aerologist. The Count has been rebuffed so long by heartless fate and Prof. von Hergesell is so conservative a scientist that they disclaim any official intention of attempting to find the pole. They aver that their expedition is designed exclusively to "investigate the unknown regions of the arctic" and to make a series of scientific explorations and measurements in the polar latitudes. That is a sufficiently ample program, however, to comprehend the finding of the pole—which everybody in the know understands full well is the real objective of the expedition.

The 800-mile route from Cross Bay over Spitzbergen to the pole is easily within the radius of action of Zeppelin's airships. Zeppelin II. accomplished a considerably greater task in its famous Whitsuntide voyage across Germany six weeks ago. The reaching of the pole will depend wholly upon the strength of the wind. As Zeppelin's ships, however, have amply demonstrated their ability to resist the wind, the Zeppelin-Hergesell expedition will proceed under incomparably more favorable conditions than any of their predecessors in search of the pole. Andree, for example, was compelled to adhere to certain wind directions. He was driven from his course and undoubtedly drowned.

The new expedition will certainly have to reckon with storms in the arctic regions, but climatic perils will not threaten it in summer. The snow danger is also unimportant, but the rays of the sun will provide difficulties, for the sun is constantly in the heavens and in the pure atmosphere throws off rays of stupendous degree. In the unexplored polar districts landings from airships will be possible only on ice floes, which are, however, admirably suited for the purpose. The reascent from these floes is purely a balloon engineering problem.

Fog, that arch enemy of the aeronaut in all latitudes, is a frequent phenomenon in the polar regions in the summer. Nansen, during his three years' voyage in the Fram, found an average of twenty foggy days in July and sixteen in August. On the other hand, the polar fog is never so thick, but it leaves the surface of the ice visible from an airship, and is therefore an obstacle that causes Count Zeppelin and Prof. Hrgesell few qualms. A technical difficulty of considerably greater seriousness lies in the fact that the ordinary astronomical equipment, to speak only of the magnet in the mariner's compass, becomes absolutely useless in the neighborhood of the pole. This will make it necessary, as Wellman discovered, for the airship voyage to be carried out only a short distance above the ground, so that some sort of control may be kept by simple observation of the direction and speed of the flight.

ONCE MORE A FAILURE!

Another American Girl Finds a Foreign Title a Burden.

Many as have been the disastrous failures among marriages between rich American girls and European men of title, none has been accompanied by more mental and physical misery than that of Eleanor Patterson, of Chicago, and Count Gizycki, of Russian Poland. The shattered romance began six years ago. Eleanor Patterson was the educated and sweet-faced daughter of Robert W. Patterson, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, and a sister of Joseph Medill Patterson, a young millionaire widely known for his socialistic views. In 1903 she was in St. Petersburg on a visit to her uncle, Robert S. McCormick, then ambassador from the United States to Russia. There she met Count Gizycki, a man twice her age, with a reputation as spendthrift and rake.

COUNTESS GIZYCKI

The following year Count Gizycki came to Washington and renewed his acquaintance with Miss Patterson. His wooing was fast and furious and the girl was carried away by his polished manner and the glitter of his title. Despite all objection, in two weeks she married him. Her mother settled $20,000 a year upon her and she and the count went to Vienna. Then the trouble began. The count's extravagance and gambling habits at the Austrian capital plunged him deeper in debt than before, and because of his dissipations he became the mock of Europe.

In March, 1908, came the crisis. The countess taxed her husband with his wild habits and the nobleman knocked her down with his fist. They separated and she went to London with her baby, the Countess Felicia, beginning an action for divorce in Paris, a suit which ultimately she won. In April, 1908, in connection with her suit, she crossed from London to Paris, leaving the baby countess in charge of a nurse just outside the British capital.

In the hope of stopping the suit for divorce and of forcing more money from his wife, the count made a rush trip to England, stole the baby and carried her to Vienna, where he secreted her in one of his castles just outside the city. The countess was frantic over the loss of the child and employed detectives by the score to trace the baby. Once Felicia was located the authorities interposed so many barriers against the mother that the count had ample time to carry the little countess to a castle near St. Petersburg.

Meanwhile Joseph Medill McCormick and another member of the Patterson and McCormick families were bringing every influence to bear on the courts of France and Russia to recover Felicia legally. It was not until a secret compact, which never has been clearly explained, was entered into with the Czar, mainly through the work of former Ambassador McCormick, that an imperial decree compelled the count to give up the custody of the girl. After recovering her daughter the countess hurried to Cherbourg and sailed for New York City. From New York the party hurried on to Chicago, where the Countess Gizycki and the little Countess Felicia will reside in future, pleased to have escaped from the toils of a nobleman lost to all sense of decency.

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS?

Story to the Effect That the Standard Oil Company Will Rival Cow.

The Standard Oil Company has decided to drive the cow and the dairyman out of business, says the New York Press. Its skilled chemists have discovered a process whereby they can make gilt-edge butter as a by-product of crude petroleum. If reports are true, plans have been prepared and contracts soon will be let for putting up a big buttermaking plant as a new departure of the Standard Oil works in the Constable Hook section of Bayonne.

It was thought the limit had been reached in the by-product business when delicate perfumes were extracted from kerosene. Until recently no one had an idea the Standard Oil had designs against the butter and the oleomargarine industries. It is predicted confidently that within a year the only butter on sale in the American market will bear the Standard Oil label, and that petroleum butter also will be an active and aggressive competitor with creamery butter for supremacy in the foreign markets.

Since the new process was discovered every precaution possible has been taken by the Standard Oil officials to prevent the secret leaking. It was only by accident it became public. The story, which comes from Bayonne, is that the chemists and Standard Oil officials were so elated by the discovery that they made eight pounds of the butter and put it in a box to be shipped to John D. Rockefeller. When it came to making out the express slip, the term "Petroleum Butter" was used. That led to inquiries which finally elicited the information that the Rockefeller corporation is going into the buttermaking business. Nor did it end with that. Assertion also was made that the chemists, in the steps leading up to the petroleum butter discovery, also have perfected a cheap process by which they can convert the kerosene into sweet milk, with a larger percentage of butter fat than cow's milk possesses. By running the petroleum milk through separators of high speed all the butter fat, or cream, is extracted. That leaves the tanks of the separators filled with rich and wholesome self-pasteurized buttermilk. If that is true, the butter, cream, sweet milk, buttermilk and cottage cheese markets soon will be dominated by the Standard Oil.

When your ship finally comes in the cargo will be more valuable for your long wait.

NOTED WOMEN GIVING AWAY HUGE AMERICAN FORTUNES

MANY native and foreign critics of American civilization have deplored the spendthrift tendencies of a certain class of American women, with little dwelling on the reverse side of the picture—the quiet, unostentatious giving away of millions of dollars annually by philanthropically-inclined members of the sex. Foremost among the gifts made by women in the United States is the endowment of Leland Stanford, Jr., University with $30,000,000 by Mrs. Leland Stanford. This institution was started in 1885, in memory of the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, by Mr. Stanford. His will gave the university $2,500,000, and the $30,000,000 gift of his widow disposed of nearly the whole residue of the estate.

MRS. STANFORD.

Mrs. Russell Sage probably is the most prominent of living women philanthropists. She is disposing of the $65,000,000 that her husband acquired in fifty years at the rate of about $8,000,000 a year. The Russell Sage Foundation, with an endowment of $10,000,000, is the largest single charity in the world. It is insured an annual income of about $400,000. Its work, in the words of Mrs. Sage's deed of gift, will be "to eradicate as far as possible the causes of poverty and ignorance, rather than to relieve the sufferings of those who are poor and ignorant."

MRS. SAGE.

Miss Helen Gould's gifts likewise have been widely distributed. She has spent more than $10,000,000 of the fortune left her by Jay Gould, her father. Perhaps no methods of moneymaking have been more widely condemned than those of Jay Gould, but his daughter has shown how great blessings can come from the wise use of money. She has endowed schools and churches and has given largely for relief and aid work among the soldiers and sailors of the United States army and navy.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, the first wife of William K. Vanderbilt, gave $100,000 to the Nassau Hospital at Mineola, L. I. She has been actively interested in diet kitchens for the poor of New York. Mrs. Belmont intends, it is said, to spend part of her fortune in advancing the cause of woman suffrage, to which she recently became a convert. Her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt, is also known for her philanthropies among the London poor. Miss Giulia Morosini, daughter and heiress of the famous banker who passed away about a year ago, spends large sums in aiding children in New York, especially at Christmas time. She gives largely also to charitable institutions. Mrs. Harold F. McCormick of Chicago, formerly Miss Edith Rockefeller, had much to do with the direction of the charitable work done by her father, John D. Rockefeller, before she was married, and is said to spend largely, though quietly, now in aid of many charities.

MISS GOULD.

There are countless others, less conspicuous than those named, whose spirit of giving is manifested in widely varying forms, all testifying to the American woman's appreciation of the fact that money is most profitably spent when used for the benefit of others.

BRINGING IN THE GOLD.

How the Precious Metal Is Guarded and Transported in Alaska.

"Six tons and a half of yellow gold, $3,200,000 worth of virgin metal, the largest single shipment ever brought out from Alaska, was unloaded from the steamship Jefferson of the Alaska Steamship Company a couple of weeks ago," said Fred W. Armstrong of Seattle, Wash., to a Washington Herald reporter.

"Of that sum," continued Mr. Armstrong, $2,800,000 was sent out by mail and about $400,000 by express, coming from Fairbanks Circle, Dawson, and other rich camps of the interior. The gold was accompanied by several wealthy mine operators with thousands in their clothes, who have come to attend the Seattle fair.

"Receiving less consideration apparently than the trunks and suitcases of the passengers, the sacks of gold were put ashore at pier 2 by the sling load, only a small number watching the rich cargo discharging, and many of them not realizing that the dirty leather mail pouches were filled with the precious metal.

"In dust and bricks the treasure was shipped from the various camps along the Tanana and Yukon on the steamboat Victorian of the White Pass and Yukon fleet. The spring clean-up in Central Alaska and the Yukon territory started long before the river was free of ice, and the dumps were relieved of a rich burden this spring before the first boat was able to feel its way against the ice toward Lake Le Barge. On the Victorian a heavy armed guard kept watch night and day to prevent any possibility of robbery. At White Horse the gold was shipped by rail to Skagway, thence to be taken by the Jefferson and rushed to Seattle.

"After slinging 100 heavy sacks of gold on the deck the consignment was taken to the postoffice in a dozen mail wagons which were waiting on the dock. There were some extra men from the office to guard the treasure, but the weight of the pouches, one of which two men could barely lift, made robbery almost an impossibility.

"The shipment on the Jefferson besides being the largest ever brought out indicates a large clean-up in Alaska this summer."

MOST RARE OF AUTOGRAPHS.

That of Thomas Lynch, Jr., Signer of Declaration, of Great Value.

"What is the most expensive autograph you ever sold?" inquired the reporter.

"That of Thomas Lynch, Jr.," answered the dealer. The reporter looked perfectly blank. "Never heard of him," he confessed.

"Well, he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He signed it as proxy for his father, who was ill at the time. Soon after he went to sea and was never heard of again. Now, autographs of Declaration signers are much sought by collectors. None approach, in rarity those of Thomas Lynch, Jr. In fact, so far as I know, there is only one in existence.

"This is affixed to an autograph letter address by Lynch to George Washington, which lends it additional value. It was owned at one time by Jared Sparks, president of Harvard College. Subsequently it passed to Thomas Addis Emmet, from whom I bought it for the sum of $4,000. I sold it to Augustin Daly, who was a keen autograph collector, for $4,500. Later, Emmet repented of letting the autograph go from his possession, and secured it from Daly for $5,250, presenting it afterward to the Lenox library, New York, where it now is."

PEASANT AND THE DIAMOND.

Monster Stone Found by Antoine in an Abandoned Prospect.

Let me give you the actual episode of Antoine. Antoine was so humble a peasant that when he left Vierzon and took up prospecting in South Africa, nobody asked what his other name was, Franklin Clarkins says in Everybody's. Having no capital save his muscles, he asked leave to dig, on shares, a claim on the Vaal River with which one prospector after another had become discouraged. Antoine got a Kaffir boy to help. The yield was pitiful. He asked the boy to stop working the center and try the side. When the boy did not understand Antoine impatiently drove his own pick in the place designated.

"Suddenly (says one who knew him on that day) he was spellbound at sight of a large stone—a diamond. For some moments he could not move and could not speak. He feared it was an illusion, like the mirage of water which appears to men long athirst. He expected it to vanish if he winked an eyelash. Collecting his energies, he darted forward and clutched the stone. Such was the tumult within him that for two days he was unable to eat or do anything but laugh and cry!"

Now, back home in Vierzon, where he had been a peasant, he sits, as you may see, in comfort and content, with a glass replica of the diamond on the tip of his weather vane, for the stone itself weighed 288 carats in the rough, 120 carats when cut and those who purchased it paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to possess it.

Natural Deduction.

"I tell you," said the moralizer, "honesty pays in the long run."

"According to that," rejoined the demoralizer, "I suppose dishonesty pays best for a short distance."

TEARS.

When I consider life and its few years,
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun,
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep—
Homer his sight, David his little lad!
—Lizzette Woodworth Reese.

Sorry for Helen

In the days when his friend Matterly was paying court to the present Mrs. Matterly and deftly leading up to the state of domestic bliss which the Matterlys have experienced for fully two years, Kennison also was a worshiper at the shrine, though a diffident and unobtrusive one. It was the surprise of Kennison's life when Matterly mentioned in an offhand way that he and Helen were going to be married a month or so later.

Kennison had a hallucination that Helen would have brought up the matter of marriage for discussion with him very soon had she not been tricked into a promise by Matterly. He attended the wedding as chief mourner and then he had felt profoundly sorry for Helen ever afterward. Indeed, he carried it to the length of feeling a certain delicacy about calling upon the Matterlys—he feared Mrs. Matterly might be upset by the revival of old memories.

Therefore he shied like a skittish horse when Matterly cornered him downtown one day and insisted upon his paying them a visit.

"Where on earth have you been keeping yourself?" demanded Matterly. "Helen has asked me forty times if I ever saw you."

Kennison flushed and stammered. Helen had been asking for him! Helen had been wondering where he was! It was as he had feared—she had not been able to forget!

"Come out and look us over," said Matterly. "We've got the finest little hut you ever put your foot in. Helen gave me strict orders if ever I ran across you to drag you out to see her. When can you come to dinner?"

Dinner! Kennison gasped at the thought of sitting opposite Helen while she miserably contemplated what might have been. He knew the salad would choke him and that he would perish in agony before the dessert came on.

"You'll really have to excuse me, old man," he said. "I—I never dine out."

"What's the matter, you old fossil?" demanded Matterly. "Don't you know how to behave at table? Come on, take a chance! We'll let you do the whole trick with the same fork, if you want to."

"No, it isn't that," said Kennison. Then, seeing no way out of it, he added: "I might run out some evening for a little while—just for a chat with you—and—and Mrs. Matterly," he added.

"Well, I'm glad you counted her in," said Matterly, affably. "I was afraid you were going to make her stay out in the kitchen and peek at us through a keyhole. All right, then. How's Thursday evening? Are you loose Thursday? Fine! Here's the card with the regular little address. I'll tell the madam to sweep up Thursday—we're going to have company."

When Kennison touched the electric button at the Matterly home on Thursday evening he had braced himself to go through the ordeal like a man and therefore he bore up under Helen's reception when she came tripping into the parlor.

"Why, Rob Kennison, you old wretch!" she exclaimed, giving him both her hands. "What do you mean by deserting us like this? Sit down and let me look at you!"

Kennison felt his way to a chair, smiling weakly.

"I've—I've been very busy, Mrs. Matterly," he said, awkwardly. "Isn't—is—Jack at home?" he added in a

"TELL ME SOMETHING — BEFORE JACK COMES."

sudden panic, as he realized that they were alone.

"Rob, don't you 'Mrs. Matterly' me," she commanded, sitting down very close to him. "'Helen' is good enough around here. No, Jack was called away for a few minutes. He'll be back soon. I'm glad he's not here, Rob, I want to talk to you alone."

Kennison could feel cold perspiration burst from every pore. He glanced nervously through the window in the vain hope that Matterly was coming up the walk to save him.

"It's like old times, isn't it?" she cooed, moving her chair a little closer to him. "Do you know, I actually haven't seen you since I got married?"

"Is it—is it as long as that?" asked Kennison, nervously. He choked and coughed as if he were trying to add something and finally it came out in a small, scared voice. "Helen," he added.

"That's right!" said Mrs. Matterly, "I was afraid you had forgotten my name! Tell me something—before Jack comes," she went on. "I'm really anxious to know for a certain reason. Has anything in your life made you a—a woman-hater?"

Would Matterly never come? Kennison could see things were rapidly approaching one of those third-act climaxes he had witnessed in problem plays.

"Why—why—I don't understand you," he gurgled, rolling his handkerchief into a clammy ball and dabbing the back of his left hand with it.

"I know it's awfully foolish of me to think such a thing," went on Mrs. Matterly, "but something Jack said put it into my mind. I'm so glad it isn't true," she added, with a gentle sigh.

Something Jack said! Then he did suspect! They had been discussing the situation! In his distorted fancy Kennison could see Matterly storming out of the house and refusing to remain to meet him! He leaned back in his chair weakly.

"I hope I'm not," he murmured.

"Now, I'm going to pry into your affairs a little bit," went on Helen, looking at him in the most bewitching way from the corners of her eyes. "Have you taken your vacation yet?"

"Not yet," said Kennison, in surprise. "I'm going away in about a fortnight."

"Do you ever go to Twin Lakes?" she went on, propping her chin on her hand and placing her elbow on her knee in the most confidential way imaginable.

Kennison scented trouble in that innocent question and tried to avoid it. "I—I never have been there," he said. "I don't know where I'll go. I usually go out west to the mountains," he added desperately.

"We're going to Twin Lakes," she said, archly. "Couldn't you go there just this once and forget your mountains?"

Kennison realized that the crucial moment had come.

"Why—really," he stammered, pounding his brow with the wet handkerchief, "I—I wouldn't like to promise, Mrs. Matt—Helen—er—does Jack know that you—er——"

"I might as well tell you why I'm asking," said Helen suddenly. "I know the sweetest young widow! Yes, she's actually young—only five or six years older than I. You would like her, I know. She's going to be at Twin Lakes and I'm determined that you shall know her. Jack and I both think she would make just the right wife for you."—Chicago Daily News.

A Problem in Mathematics.

The town of Sturgis in Mississippi is the only round square town in existence. By legal enactment the circle has been squared, and the mathematician may now proceed to calculate the area of a square circle. In the laws of Mississippi for the year 1886, on page 682, is found the following:

"An act to incorporate the town of Sturgis, in Oktibbeha County, Mississippi.

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That the town of Sturgis, in the county of Oktibbeha, is hereby incorporated, and that the corporate limits of said town shall be as follows: Beginning at the quarter stake in front of Caleb Hannah's residence, and running six hundred yards every direction, making said corporate limits twelve hundred yards square."

Thus the circle is squared by the solemn declaration of the law.

There seems to be a yellow streak in human nature that makes it always want to shift the responsibility.

What has become of the old-fashioned mother who told her children that they would drive her distracted?